



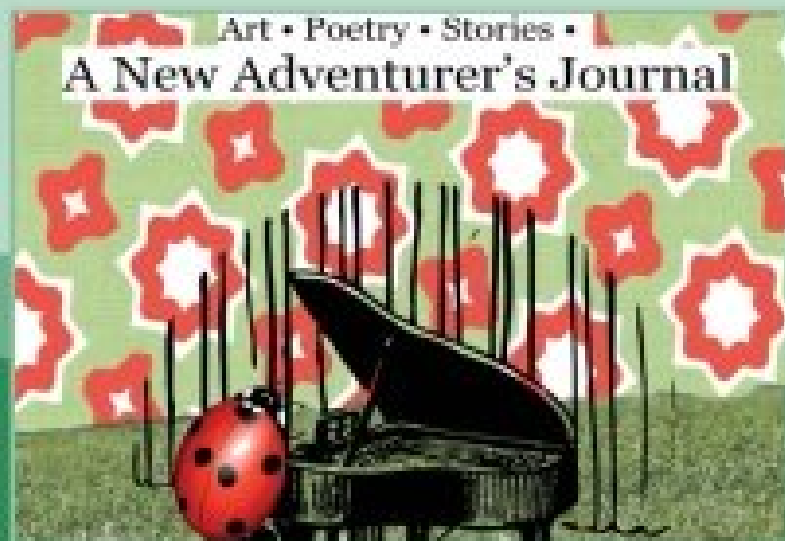
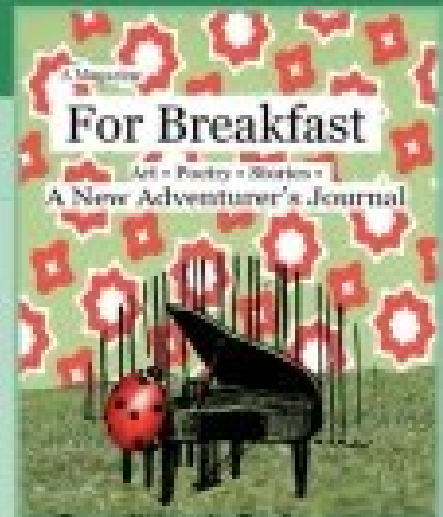
Various Authors

A Magazine
For Breakfast
Issue 1
"performance"

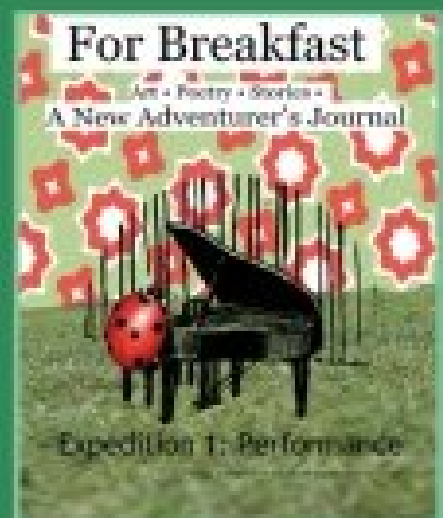
Art, Poetry, Stories

A MAGAZINE FOR
BREAKFAST
EXPEDITION 1
"PERFORMANCE"

A New Adventurer's Journal
Art, Poetry, Stories



Various Authors



A Breakfast To Say “Welcome”



This magazine was born in a flurry of feverish activity, and a statement of intent circulated for a new international art magazine which happened to emanate from the lively creative greenhouses of Leicester, England, but would be wider-looking too, extending its welcome to artists of the connected world. Our eventual title rose like a loaf, or a rose, and is inspired by an image I couldn't get out of my head, of fried eggs over cool, clear mountains. Of something new, refreshing, fit for adventure, and a game of point-and-discover exploration. Thus an adventurer, under adventurous sun, could head out in earnest, after a fitting breakfast and a taste of the new day's creative *joi de vivre*. While there is time to make and present things, it is morning, a New Year, and this, a magazine.

With Thanks to all our wonderful artists, Peter Buckley (Editor)

Some Ingredients

Neil Fulwood

Britain's Got...

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Richard Byrt

How to Conform to Gay Stereotypes.

Number 17: The Eurovision Song Contest

Neil Fulwood

Shia Nerve

Dr. Adrian May

"Are You A Performance Poet?"

Greek Artist Collaboration

Dr. Magnus Gestsson

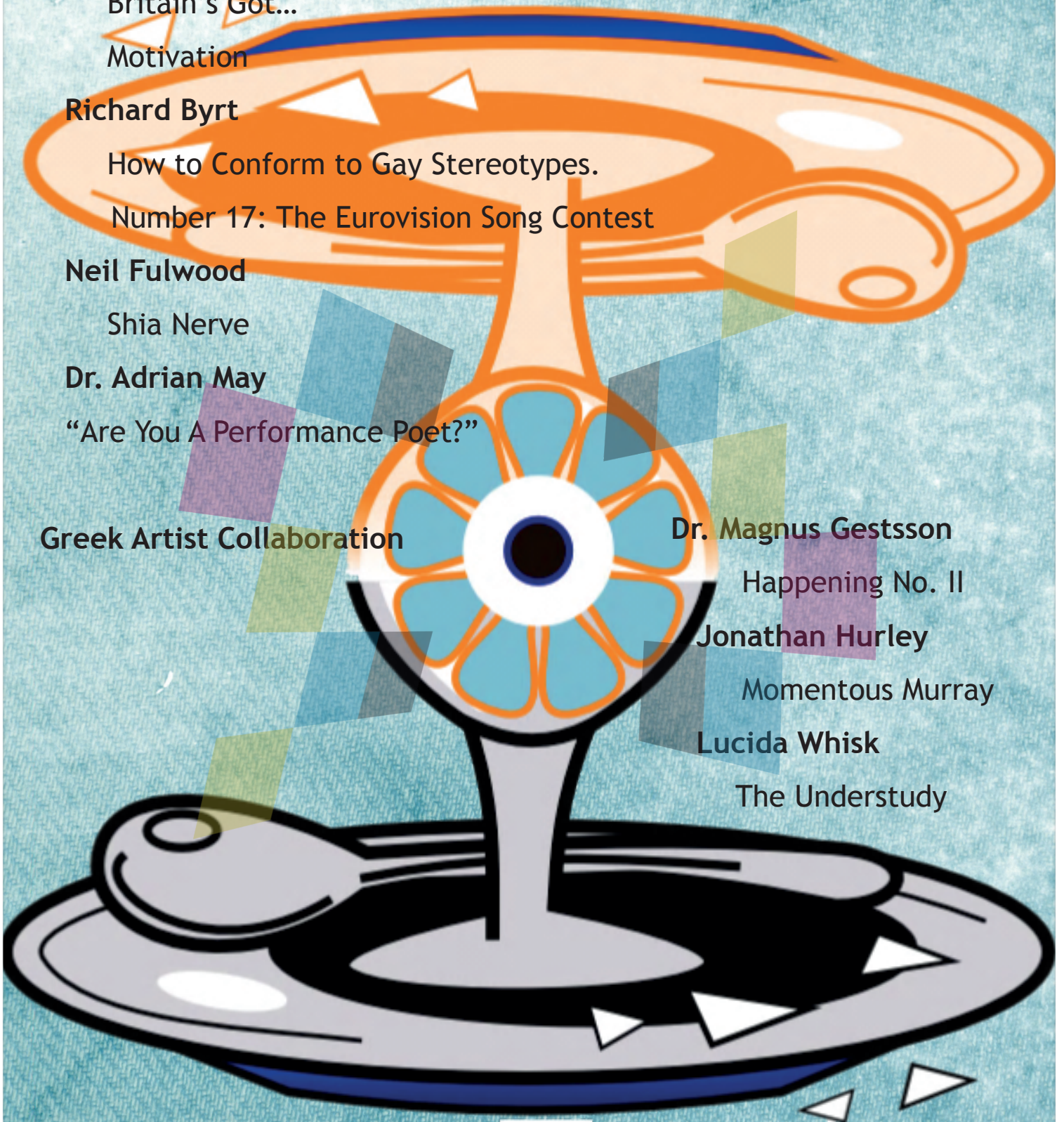
Happening No. II

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Momentous Murray

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The Understudy



Some Ingredients

Richard Byrt with Graham Norman
Stage Management

Richard Byrt and Zeandrick Oliver
Frogs in Cwm Rhondda

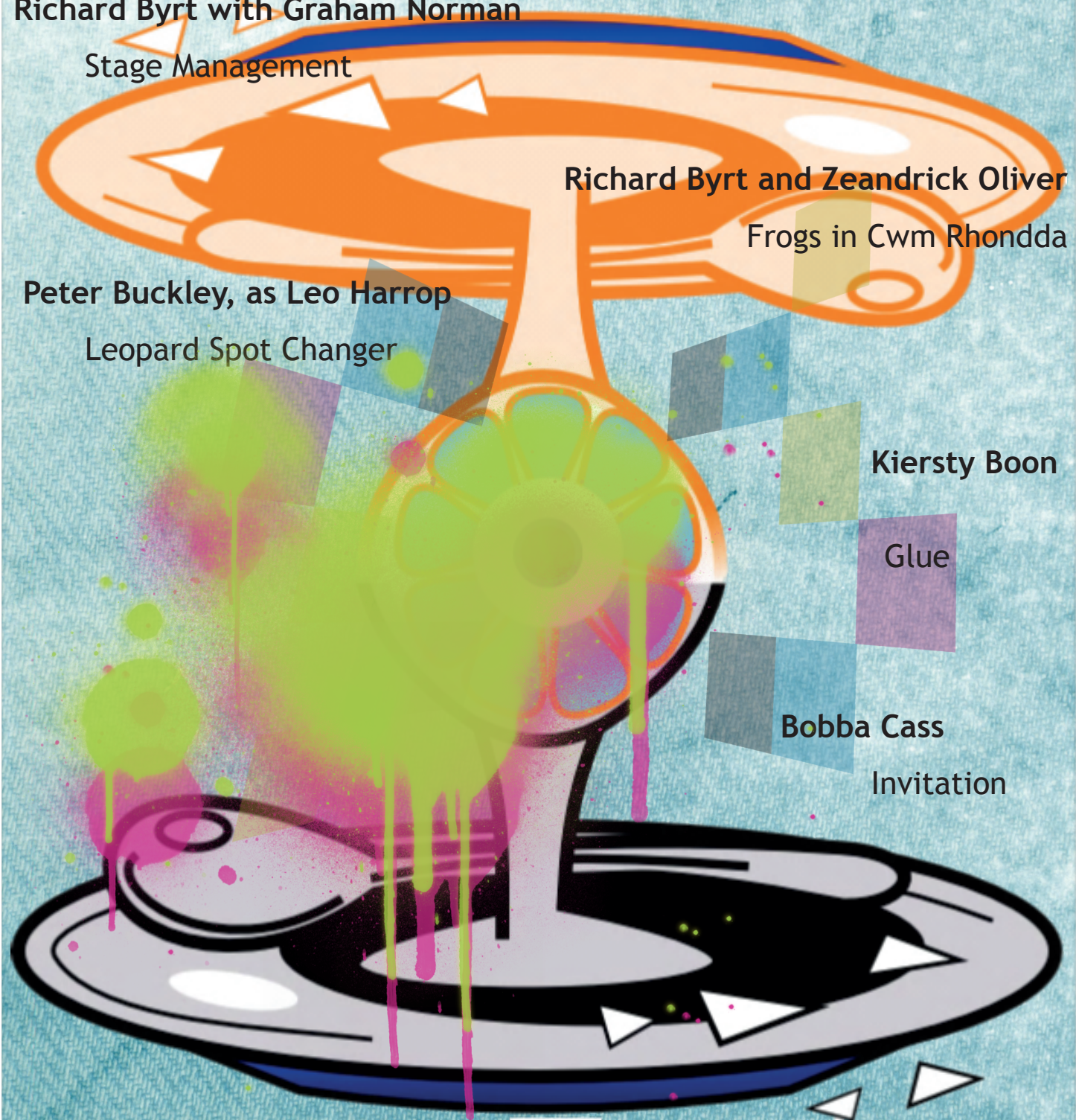
Peter Buckley, as Leo Harrop
Leopard Spot Changer

Kiersty Boon

Glue

Bobba Cass

Invitation



Neil Fulwood

Neil Fulwood is the author of 'The Films of Sam Peckinpah' and runs film review blog Agitation of the Mind (www.misterneil.blogspot.com). He has had poetry in Obsessed With Pipework, Butcher's Dog, Full of Crow Poetry, The Writers' Hub and Ink , Sweat & Tears. He's a member of the Alan Sillitoe Committee, who are raising funds towards a permanent memorial to be sited in Alan's home town of Nottingham, UK. Their website is www.sillitoe.com

Britain's Got ...

Yes, Mr Made-a-career-out-of-being-a-shit,
yes, Miss Used-to-be-in-a-girl-band,
this country does have talent:

it's in its dad's garage playing an old guitar
plugged into a car-boot-sale amp
that would shrug off a PAT test as not rock 'n' roll;

it's in a spare room and hasn't slept for 48 hours,
going full-tilt boogie on the final chapters
of a novel that could start a revolution;

it's in a makeshift studio, attacking the canvas
of its own skin with the blood and bile
of half a dozen tubes of paint;

it's at an open mic, taking a deep breath
before launching into a poem that expresses
everything it's tried to say to a girl

who may or may not be in the audience.



Neil Fulwood

Motivation

Two things I didn't expect during a half-marathon:
cheerleaders, and a bloody great banner
daubed with the exhortation RUN LIKE
YOU'VE JUST STOLEN SOMETHING. This at mile six
and the thought of the same distance again
with a plasma TV weighing me down
is not my idea of motivation. I can imagine
the cheerleaders eyeing me suspiciously,
wondering why my runner's number is obscured
with black tape and I'm wearing a balaclava -
dance moves forgotten, they down-tools their pom-poms
to dial 999 or post my photo on Facebook.
It doesn't inspire me, the thought of the fitness freak
a hundred yards in front u-turning to take me down,
dead cert for a "have-a-go hero" front page headline.
It doesn't make me run any faster,
thinking I can see a swirl of blue lights in the distance
or hear the scream of a siren approaching.



Richard Byrt

How to Conform to Gay Stereotypes. Number 17: The Eurovision Song Contest

*“[The Eurovision Song Contest] has become the FIFA World Cup for gay guys.”
(Poehlmann 2013).*

“...For any awfully stereotypical gay man, the Eurovision Song Contest is the one time of the year that he can be his full gay self...” (Turhan 2011)

1

Remember, because you're a gay man, people will expect you to watch every Eurovision Song Contest, and be enraptured by the glitz and kitsch.

2

Don't let on that you much prefer the FIFA World Cup Final or Ravel's subtle orchestral cadences and arpeggios.

3

Learn at least three Eurovision facts before breakfast each morning. Remember, people will expect you to know that Spain came 12th in 1979 and 19th in 1994; that Armenia first took part in 2006; and that “la” is repeated 138 times in the winning 1968 song by Massiel.

4

Rapturously exclaim how liberating The Lesbian Kiss was in Finland's 2013 entry, *Marry Me*; and how you can't understand why Turkey withdrew from The Contest because of it.

5

If you want to be really stereotypical, watch The Contest whilst lounging louchely on a sofa, wearing a pink kimono, with an art nouveau silver cigarette holder in one hand, and a flute of champagne in the other.

6

Following The Contest, you will, of course, proceed to *Heaven*, wearing your Eurovision hoody, bought from the Eurovision shop; and dance the night away to *Waterloo*, *Running Scared* and *Only Teardrops*. Return to a breakfast of caviar and Cava.

7

You will then develop Eurovision withdrawal symptoms. Keep calm, and top up your Eurovision levels by listening to Song Contest hits on your iPad 3 until the contest next year.

8

OK, none of the above may be the Real You, but remember, it's what Your Public expects.

Neil Fulwood

Shia Nerve

Shia LaBeouf may have plagiarized
his apology for plagiarism.

- Wired.com headline

And suddenly this actor, a new film out,
stealing the plagiarism headlines
from us poets. Enough was enough.
I decided to plagiarize his roles.

Transformers done Nottingham stylee,
a builder's skip standing in for Optimus
Prime, a mate's sister heaving herself
over the bonnet of a Ford Escort.

That Indiana Jones sequel, *Kingdom
of the Crystal Ashtray* in my version,
a Frisbee for the alien spaceship
and my dad in a felt hat complaining

about looking like a prat. The plan
fell apart with *Nymphomaniac*.
A good hard slap, a boyfriend
with a dictionary and a baseball bat

and my dad shaking his head sadly,
wondering what my mother would say.

Adventurer's Experience - Dr. Adrian May

‘ARE YOU A PERFORMANCE POET?’

Adrian May fails to answer the question

This question might be asked in all innocence but to a sensitive writing type it might be more loaded than an oxymoronic metaphorical cluster with ironic subtexts and post-modern overtones, to say the least.

For me the words Performance Poet immediately summon up the idea of a swearsome young bloke (mostly it's blokes), putting bad jokes to rhyme and shouting them aggressively into a dodgy mic at a comedy audience. That said, some of my favourite poets were, and are, performing poets. Adrian Mitchell, who I first saw in my teens and last saw in my sixties was inspiring and he really *performed* his stuff.

So obviously, I didn't conform to my own unbidden image of a young shouter. I'm more of an old grumbler, maybe. But what is the alternative to saying Yes? A non-performance poet? That sounds like the Larkinesque school of super-reticence - a kind of backing into the limelight, really. And Philip Larkin's *poems* perform all right. They sound good aloud and he reads them well too; he made an album, even.

And even the most complex poets perform live these days and are expected to do so. Who won't perform? Can't think of anyone! I saw a venerable George Barker perform in the 70s. He was a poor reader. But he did read. I saw Charles Olsen too and thought him dull.

Anyway, I do perform my poems and some of them rhyme and some are meant to be funny. Some are even a bit swearsome. But I also write and perform songs, so I can fall back on being just a singer. Potentially lower than the Performance Poet and bypassing the question again.

At my most recent performance, launching my CD/ book *Adrian May's Comedy of Masculinity*, the only poem that was performed without musical accompaniment was not read by me. So Murray, double bass player and heckler in our duo Face Furniture, performed a poem from the new, so once again I was only loosely connected to the definition. That doesn't help much, either.

Adventurer's Experience - Dr. Adrian May

I'm not even convinced of the barriers between song and poetry, especially in what I do. It could be Poetry and Jazz, except that I'm a folkie, who plays ukulele as well as acoustic guitar.

My feeling is that all poets come under the overarching category of singers, dealing in the world of song. Poems may have their own silent music, but they are still a branch off the old song-tree. So when people ask me, and they still do, Can a song be as good as a poem? - I think they are asking the wrong question. Their question seems to take for granted a premise I can't agree with: that poems are better than songs. I might even agree with a character in *The Thrill of it All* by Joseph O'Connor (2014), who says that songwriting 'is the highest calling'.

That gets us even further from answering the question, I know. What I would prefer to be called is the old word 'Scop'. The OED defines this as 'An Old English poet or minstrel'. Guilty on all counts. The word is etymologically linked to scoffing and scolding; 'mocking, railing' (OED again) and the 'satirical' (Eric Partridge, *Origins*). That fits too. I've used the word myself in a long poem about the necessity of vulgarity, 'Caedmon's Own Song', in my *Ballads of Bohemian Essex*. My answer could be then,

'Nah, I'm just a scop.'

To which the answer might be:

'Yeah, well, you're a *something*.'

Or I could answer:

'Yes, but so much more,' and sound even more like an arrogant scop.

What I probably would say, if cornered, might be this:

'Spose so. I do songs as well though. And not all of it's funny.'

The old 'One-Upmanship' bloke, Stephen Potter, said once on the radio that his thing was really *not* to get one up. Just not to get put down. He would have advised me to say something like:

'Yes, I am a Performance Poet, but not the sort of Performance Poet someone like you would appreciate.'

Adventurer's Experience - Dr. Adrian May

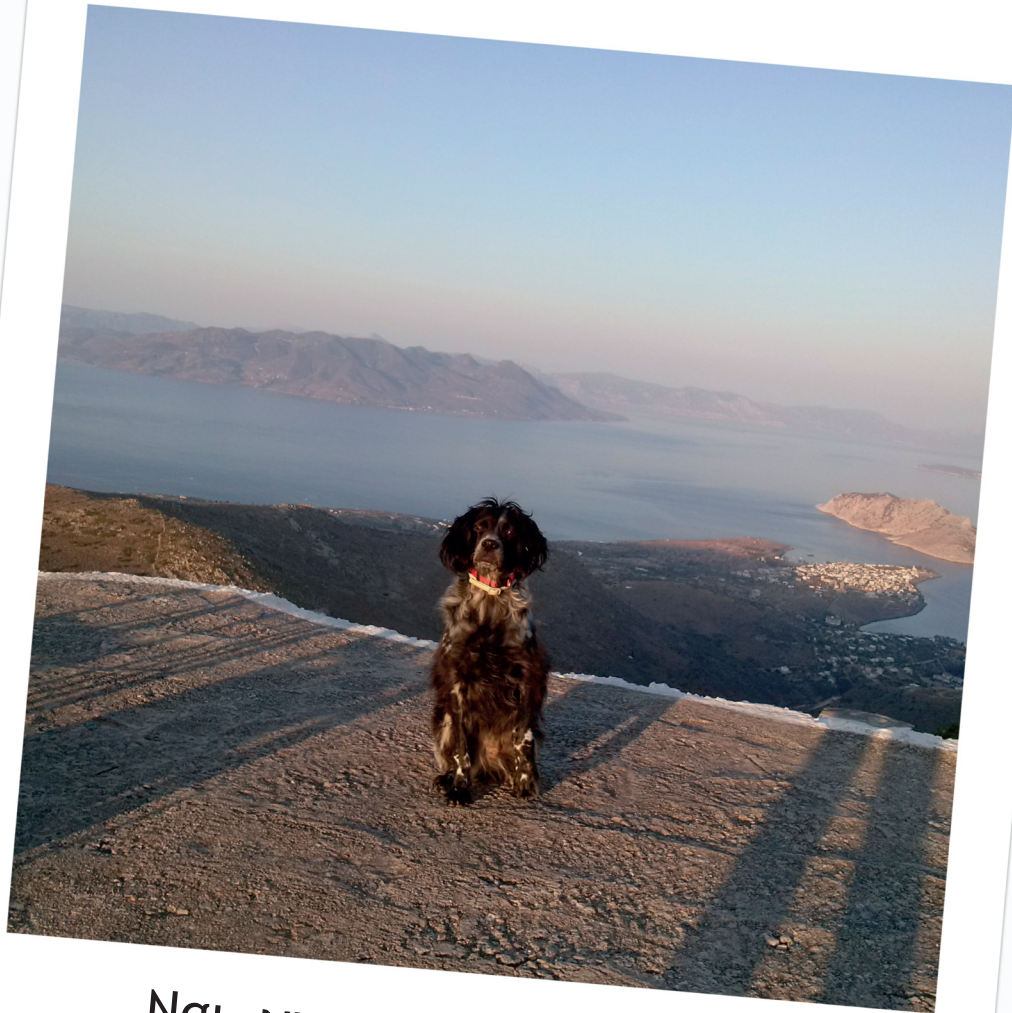
So call me, if you like, a Performance Poet
I'll harp and carp in the old bookshop
But if you care what I'd really prefer
Learn a new word and call me a scop

Dr. Adrian May is a Lecturer in the Department of Literature, Film, and Theatre Studies at the The University of Essex. His background is as a songwriter, lyricist and performer on the English folk music circuit. In addition to songs, he has published poems, fiction and many articles on music and Creative Writing, as well as working as a composer/lyricist/musician in professional theatre. His current work includes essays exploring positive views of tradition, and a book on writing mythically. *PN Review* has recently published an essay on the lyrics of Arctic Monkeys. He has an MA in the Practice and Teaching of Creative Writing (Cardiff) and his PhD (Essex) comprised a novel with a critical commentary. He first came to Essex as a mature undergraduate in 1993.

Aegina, Greece

**Photos, Starring Teresa the Dog,
by Nectarios and his childhood friend,
Marina.**

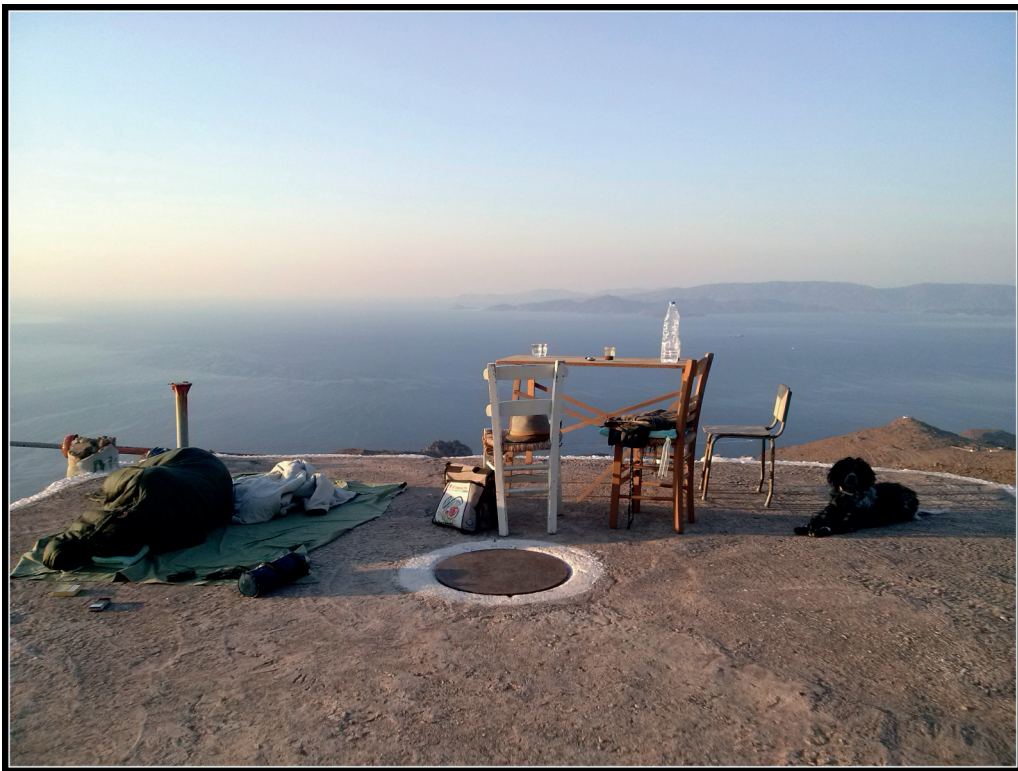
Words by Kika.



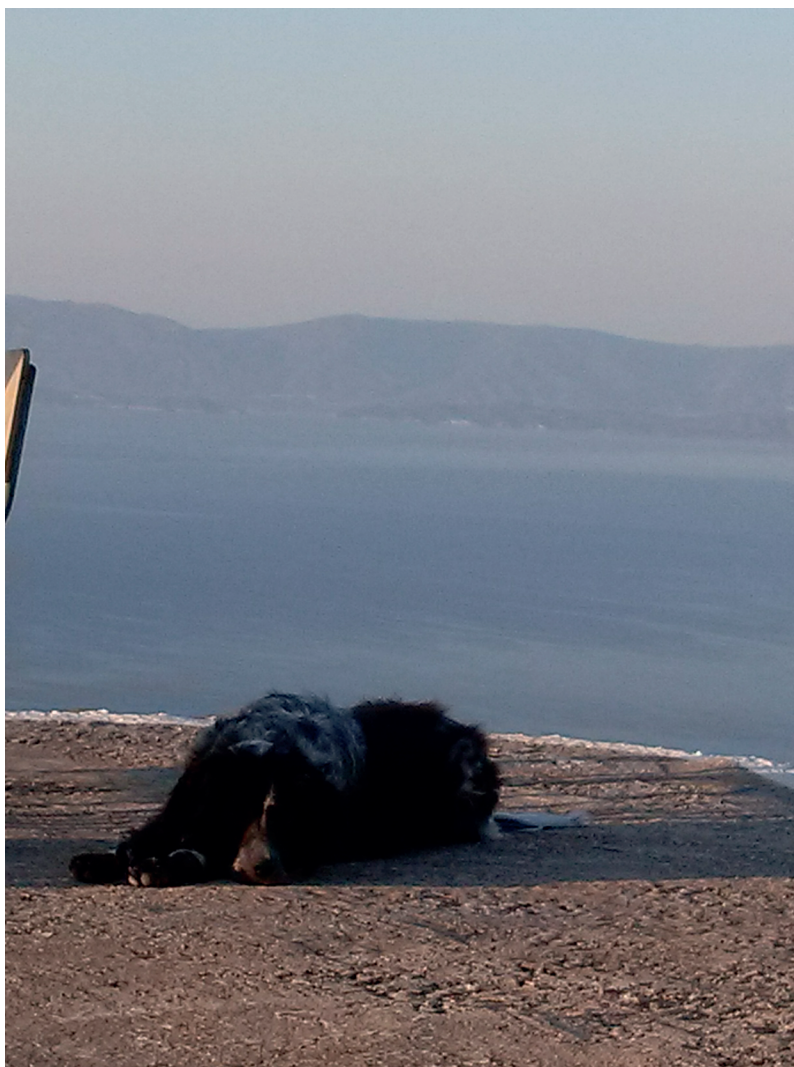
Ναι, γιε μου, όλα αυτά που
βλέπεις εδώ πίσω θα είναι μια
μέρα δικά σου.



Μέχρι να έρθει η μέρα εκείνη, θα την κάνουμε ταράτσα. Εμ...
ναι... μάλλον χρησιμοποίησα λάθος την έκφραση...



Θέλω να πω, θα την βγάλουμε εδώ, στην ταράτσα.



Ποια θα βγάλουμε; Άραξε, όλα
θα πάνε καλά. Βόλτα-μπισκότο

Happening No. II

27 December 2012

Dress up as you see fit: as a gangster, as a hippy, as a chav, casually, as a punk, in a three piece suit, in drag, in dress, skirt or any way you like.

Go to a supermarket of your choice, pick a trolley and put a pound in the deposit slot.

Go to the junk food sections and pick up a selection of junk food and place it in the trolley.

Wander around as if looking for something but consciously drift towards the health food and free from food.

Select some nice and healthy products and place them in the trolley.

When you feel that you have finished, drift towards the checkout.

Stop

Think

Browse through the goods you have selected and try to look like Rodin's Thinker.

Go to the junk food sections again and put the junk food back to where you picked it from.

When you have finished go back to health food and free from sections.

Put everything back and look like you are thinking and considering. Picking things up from the trolley, examining them carefully, hesitate, place some of the products in the trolley again but then finally put it back on the shelf. Do this until the trolley is empty.

Then drift slowly to the longest check out queue and pick up something on your way that costs £1 and place it in the trolley.

Join the longest queue.

Put your chosen item on the conveyor belt wait for your turn to pay and to be told how much to pay.

Pick up your purse or put your hands in your pockets as if you are searching for money. Act slowly and be in control

Say to the checkout person:

I'm so sorry; I thought I had a Pound in my purse/pocket

I'm so sorry; I thought I had a Pound in my purse/pocket

Start drifting towards the main exit door and repeat as if talking to yourself

I'm so sorry; I thought I had a Pound in my purse/pocket

I'm so sorry; I thought I had a Pound in my purse/pocket

I'm so sorry; I thought I had a Pound in my purse/pocket

I'm so sorry; I thought I had a Pound in my purse/pocket

I'm so sorry; I thought I had a Pound in my purse/pocket

I'm so sorry; I thought I had a Pound in my purse/pocket

I'm so sorry; I thought I had a Pound in my purse/pocket

I'm so sorry; I thought I had a Pound in my purse/pocket

Push the trolley to the trolley rack and reclaim your £1

Leave the premises in a calm and considered manner.

Dr. Magnus Gestsson BA MA PhD is a Historian, Art Historian and Museologist who studied at the University of Iceland, De Montfort University and the University of Leicester. Magnus is a lecturer on History of Art at the University of Iceland, gallerist, curator, art consultant and happening artist. He has operated *Gallerí Gestur - Gallery Guest* since 2011. He established *Fluxus on Every T-shirt* and *Fluxus Leicester* in 2014 working with artist and singer Janice Raw. Magnus has staged live art performances at Pinggg...K! and Embrace Arts and with Multimorph and the Pale Faces.

See also: **Email • Galleri video • Facebook • Girly Talk video**

Jonathan Hurley

Momentous Murray

On the occasion of Andy Murray winning Wimbledon Gentleman's Singles Tennis Championship Summer 2013.

They stride onto court, two knights of the day,
Both standing tall, chests out, ready to play,
To give their all in top tennis contest,
Three hours of battle before they can rest.

Seeds one and two, a fantastic match up,
Play their hearts out for glorious gold cup,
One to be victor, the other distraught,
Learning life's lessons in the name that is sport.

So to begin, 2 pm, Centre Court,
Arena ready, battle to be fought,
Players with racquets, Nobleman's lance,
Fleet of foot, this year's final, this last dance.

Early exchanges, both finesse and power,
Both players strong, neither to cower,
Thrust and parry, on top is our Scot,
Good for his lead, like the weather, game hot.

Showpiece final, so does it continue,
Toil, sweat, testing their sinew,
Both give all, much length to the rally,
Fierce rivals now, come conclusion all pally.

Top tennis played, Set one to our Murray,
Looks a man seeking to win in a hurry,
But wait, story changes, for now it's set two,
Seems like a fightback, no need to guess who.

Serb now, round table turned, and on top,
Leads four - one, crushing, can Andy stop,
This number one player from drawing level,
Securing set two and a scoreline to revel.

Well for what is to follow is quite remarkable,
Murray summons shots from repertoire, his arsenal,
Almost unbelievable, Oh I say!
The Scot so strong, his opponent to pay

For losing set two, Murray four - one down,
It's now two sets up, one more for the crown,
Could it be victory, in style, straight sets?
The history, Murray/Djokovic, I'm taking no bets.

And so to set three, can it be done?
Agony, ecstasy, sports s'posed to be fun!
Novak hanging in there, not down and out,
Wants to strike back, not wanting a rout.

Our Brit, holds fast, so close to his prize,
Home Major, sports immortality tennis guise,
He's ever so closer, business end of set three,
Legendary journey, for him, you and me.

Service game broken, he leads five - four,
Serving for Championship, step through the great
door,
That's reserved for winners, true sporting greats,
Witnessed by all, decided by Fates.

Splendid start, up forty - love,
Three match points, Gods smiling above,
Just one more point needed to muster,
Complete a performance of shine and lustre.

Surely a way back now, too much for the Serb,
To restrain the hot Scot, his victory to curb,
But superhuman effort he does summon,
In thirty degree Centre Court banqueting oven.

From forty - love down, takes it to deuce,
A twist to the tale from Olympic God Zeus?
But no, groundstroke, fired into the net,
Leaving Murray to bask in glorious sunset.

So our gallant Knight Novak, the finalist,
Djokovic Dragon-like, a breathless beast,
Not our champion this time, not quite his day,
But he'll win again, for he knows the way.

Waiting so long, years seventy-seven,

Now Murray the man, Brit tennis Heaven,
We rallied his cause, in the heat of the sun,
Andy Murray, Twenty Thirteen, Wimbledon!

August 31, 2014

The Understudy

Powder-coated nostrils
Mouth dry, palms wet
A knot, a twist in the stomach; which
Lurches and suspends like a tightrope

Sick with anticipation;
A queer giddyness
Brenning with dread
and delight

Relish this moment
Let yourself go to it

Face the mirror
Compose that expression
Make anew the mask
For him and her and them

Everything that leads up to this is a blur
Everything afterwards falls away to oblivion
There is only now
Rise and go out.

Lucida Whisk

Lucida Whisk is a fine artist, residing in Nottinghamshire and is a Jill of all trades. One day she hopes to say she mastered at least one of them. After a degree that taught her about the danger of procrastination and self doubt, she realised that the best ideas are organically formed. There's no point chasing them with a towel, as you might do a wet dog. However they can be gently teased out with a paintbrush or a pencil or captured with a camera. Images can conjure and withhold all sorts of meanings and ambiguities, so exhibiting artwork can be a performance of sorts, an interplay between the creator and the viewer. Behind the scenes she secretly hoards the corresponding words, and very occasionally she lets them slip. Her website is whisk82.wordpress.com

Richard Byrt with Graham Norman

Stage Management

I am the one who always travels
with the great man, arranges his first class
ticket,
makes sure he catches his train on time,
has his flask, his annotated copies.
I feed his muse with corned beef sandwiches,
remaining silent,
as he sits deep in contemplation, deciding
whether or not to remove a comma.

I am the one who listens to the expectant,
reverent hush
as he mounts the rostrum. I am the one who
sits behind the curtain,
ready with an encouraging smile,
fixed, in case he stumbles, glances in my di-
rection.
I am the one who discreetly collects the
money
for his signed anthologies as they flock in
adoration.

I'm the one who bundles him into a taxi
when he's legless.
I undress him, put him to bed, make him
take his medication. - How else could he
manage his next
masterpiece, manage his next
scintillating performance.

Richard Byrt with Zeandrick Oliver

Frogs in Cwm Rhondda

Great Aunt Letitia's hairs on her chin
quivered: I'd hit the wrong note.
She said my *Cwm Rhondda* needed more *brio*,
and less like a dozen frogs had got stuck in
my throat.

I longed for violin lessons to end,
hoped my fiddle would crack when it fell
from the case.
I dreaded tuning the E string. - Each time
it snapped with a zap in my face.

My teacher complained that my *Fur Elise*
exacerbated his ulcer.
My mates all fled when I karaoked
24 Hours From Tulsa.

In my teens I learnt to sing *forte*
in a mixture of treble and bass.
But decided to write poems, instead,
when everyone said my singing and playing
were such a disgrace.

With thanks for the suggestions of David
Devanny.

Richard Byrt regularly contributes poems at readings and other poetry events in Leicester. He writes on a variety of topics, including gay experience and history. Richard likes to write poems which have unexpected endings and (sometimes bizarre) humour.

Graham Norman was kissed by a frog in 2005 and was turned into a Poet. He has an MA in creative writing at De Montfort University, and has published three collections, *The Manipulative Monkey* in 2010, *Morph*, 2011 and *The Hours* (with Gisela Hoyle), 2012.

Zeandrick Aubion Oliver is a writer and musician living in Leicester and currently completing a Masters degree in English and Creative Writing. His poetry has been published in various magazines, and as part of his undergraduate studies, he was awarded joint winner of the 2012 Leicester Literature and Philosophical Society prize. His debut pamphlet, *Secretions*, is published by New Fire Tree Press. (www.newfiretreepress.co.uk)

Leopard Spot changer

And “Listener”

Leo Harrop, 2014



Kiersty Boon

Glue

She wrapped the cat in her pale lemon cardigan
And buttoned the pink-ish
buttons while
Singing a long forgotten lullaby,

'Where have all the wants gone?'

Penny thoughts worth pounds walked by ~
Snapped next to a car crash
in almost broken
English, and a woman with untrue excuses,

She

Counted three and a half billion lucky~lucky stars,
he outshone the moon.
Squeeze lipped, she stretched out her arms
And leapt far away,

Far away home.

If there's music in your mind then ~
Dance with her
Dance til your feet are slippers
And your mind is in music
And slippers are dancing
In mind.

Kiersty Boon is a writer from Hove, East Sussex, whose website is <http://boonwriter.co.uk>. Her novel, 'Walking on Chalk' (Legend Press) attracts a solid international fanbase. Her first poetry collection, 'The Poet Busker' led to numerous invitations to perform at festivals, clubs and pubs, with music accompaniment. Kiersty has won several competitions for both her poetry and prose pieces and has had her poems published in various Forward Press collections.

Kiersty is often found busking to tourists or passers-by in her home town, reciting her poetry to music or simply improvising her words. She continues to perform on stage. There is now a compact disc of her musical interpretations, which has sold worldwide.

Taking the initiative of bringing poetry to a wider audience, Kiersty has produced a series of postcards of her shorter poems, along with 'Coffee and Poetry' leaflets, which are available free of charge from cafés and other haunts in and around Brighton.

She also assists other writers in self-publishing with an editing, advisory and technical service that has seen many authors fulfill their wish of publishing their work (without exorbitant cost or stress) and presenting it to the outside world via Amazon, etc. She has now helped publish 14 books up to 2012, from illustrated poetry books to full length novels.



Bobba Cass

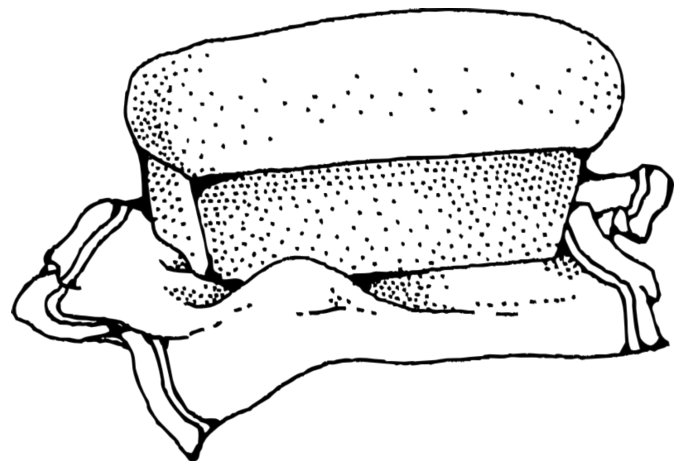
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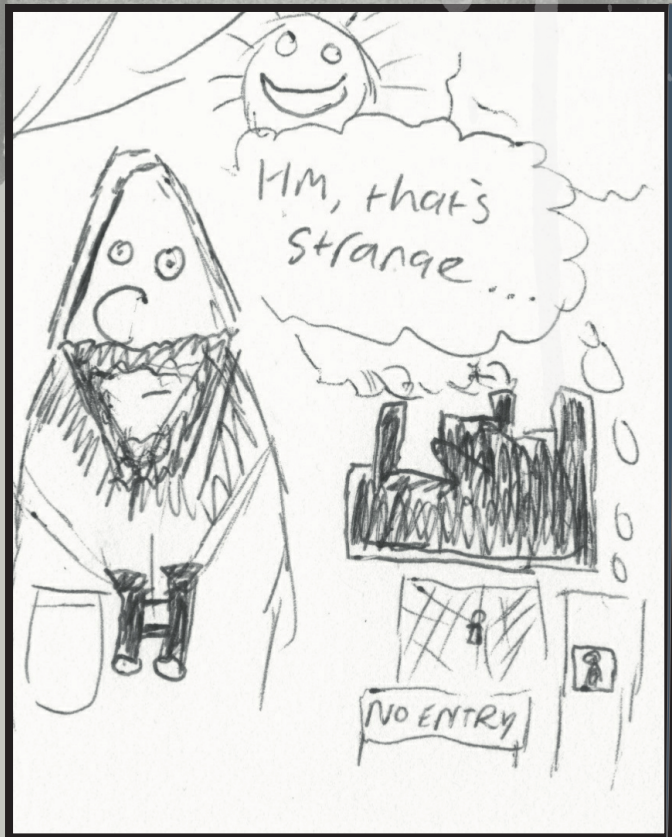
this day

i want to give you
a poem
warm
sliced
from my heart

the way
no-one
was
a stranger
to butter
melting
on a crust
of my grandma's
home-made
bread

25 October 2012





edited by:



andthehare
collaborations
project

peterandthehare.wordpress.com

Expedition 1: Performance
January 2015

Fresh for 2015 and edited by Peter Buckley (Peter And The Hare), "A Magazine For Breakfast" is a New International Art and Poetry magazine. We're interested in a sense of fun, adventure and everything new. The theme for our first Expedition is "Performance" and our contributors from around the world were encouraged to take this anywhere conceivable and possible. What we have created is an intensely varied and unexpected Adventurer's Journal about the sense and need of performance, via aslant dissections of TV Talent Shows (from Neil Fulwood), fandom of a renowned European song competition (Richard Byrt), and spoken word itself (Dr. Adrian May).

"A Magazine For Breakfast" Issue 1 - Performance is a healthy start to the day of any practitioner of performance in life and art, and fans of adventurous art that doesn't really even think of boundaries.

For a New Year,
and a new way of thinking about a journal of poetry and art,
this Magazine.
For Breakfast (Serving Suggestion).

